
Title: Book of Le'Morte 2

Author: Lucian Le'Morte

I felt life like I
never knew what life was,
I drank, and I took
something into my hands,
I did not know what until
the transformation had
happened, and I was able
to see what I had
become.

There he was, my sire a
Crazed Vampire, he told
me that he has never
taken anyone and changed
them. He said tonight was
his night to depart, I was
disoriented and didn't
understand what he was
saying, but he said that
the nights had finally
taken their toll, but he
wanted his blood to live
on.

I followed him outside of
the cave, and in a mad
gesture he waived his
arms into the air saying
"My blood I give and yet
I taketh my soul to hell"
He jumped into the Forge
of hot coals and
incinerated almost
immediately, I was not to
know for many nights
what I had become, but it
all become more clear to
me on my third Night. I
had become a Monster, I
had lost my soul and
Life. I had become a
Vampire."

THE CAPPADOCIAN
VAMPIRE CLAN:

Long ago, there was an
ancient clan of vampires
by ruled by the Dread
Lord Cappadocious. He
ruled his clan like any

other vampire but with one distinct difference, he believed in Necromancy. Ultimately, this proved to be the clans downfall and The Cappadocian Vampire Clan fell from history and the books of the Masquerade.

This is from the Journal of Marius on the account of his new tribulations.

" So now I walked for many months pondering what the hell had happened to myself, my life, and what was to become of me. Yes you could say I was a Vampire in transition weeping for his mortal life to return. I guess you could say I needed some new dark hope for this curse that I now carry. One night in an ancient crypt I stumbled upon a grave, the title read on the stone:

"Our Lord and Master
Cappadocious"

I open the Casket and inside was an empty grave, all that was left was a pieces of blood red cloth and a single piece of black cloth wrapped around a silver bound book.

This was no ordinary book, in fact this book was about a clans history. I open the book. It reads: The Cappadocian Vampire Clan, by Lord Cappadocious.

As I read the books history I am thrown into a trance. The countless hours that went by, I knew I was reading a testament in time about one of the most powerful Vampire clans that went mad and cursed itself into the darkness of Necromancy, just as

Mondain did and faded
into the pages of the
Modern Nights.

Such a sad and powerful
testament, I thought.
What caught my eye, was
a part at the end where
Cappadocious said: "Thou
my clan is dying and will
soon be destroyed.

Someone, sometime from
now into the nights will
take my creation and
make it into the most
powerful Vampire clan
seen in ages."

For many Nights I
pondered this passage, the
words driving me almost
mad. I asked myself,
"Could I be the one?" Did
he foresee myself in that
crypt holding the silver
bound book. Was my fate
picked in the Mountains in
Minoc with no sire to
lead me to this very
moment Cappadocious
spoke of?

The Vampire who
embraced me never
embraced another.

My powers are unusual
for one being so young. I
could pull this off, just
maybe? Many years went
by as I tolled with the
ideas of how this new
clan would be arranged,
built, and designed. I had
to choose my childer
carefully, for only the
best were ever taken
into The Cappadocian
Vampire Clan. It wasn't
by a choice, it was by
destiny.

Where the other clans
accepted members, the
Cappadocians were the
only ones who picked by
choice which made them
impenetrable for anyone
to infiltrate. The
Cappadocians also were a

vampire clan of power
and luxury, for thou they
were dead, they cherished
the ideals of lavish items
in life.

I have remade this clan,
and it thrives under my
command, we have waged
war against the humans
calling themselves the
Protectorate and have
crushed them many times.
We follow the rituals of
the Cappadocians before
us, and adhere to the
teachings of Cappadocious
before he brought his
clan to the dark arts of
Necromancy.

We will prevail as the
new clan, but veering
away from his one fatal
mistake. "Now the
adventure begins, and as
a human I thought it
would be by a warriors
hand, he or she would
take me under their wing,
when in fact, it was the
embrace from a vampire
who took pity on me and
the rest is history...."

This was the final journal
entry from The Vampire
Marius. He went into
torpor once his new clan
was so overbearingly
powerful where he felt he
was no longer needed, and
had his top sires, Ian
Nottingham, Kelly
DarkHaven, Randal,
Sophus, Casca Ashes to
name a few. It is said
that Marius was put into
the direct sunlight and
was burned to keep his
power away from the
Cappadocians, weather or
not this account is true,
his legend go on.

THE TALE OF LUCIAN
LE'MORTE:

Not much is known of
Lucian Le'Morte before
he came to Sosaria. Some
say he was a Vampire
who ruled an empire
across the sea while
others heard of a
peasant revolt that was
that was directed to his
Order and killed all but
his Brood (High Council).
What we do know is that
Lucian came across the
sea and hired a band of
gypsies to move the
crates that was on the
vessel that had ported in.
The only two to come
off that boat was Lucian
himself, and Shai Huluud
now known as Shai
Le'Morte. What is known
of Shai Le'Morte has
baffled researchers but
what is known, he never
left Lucian's side and he
was the Prince Viceroy
of the Vampiric Order
V|O.

Lucian also seemed to
have a Queen at all
times in the Order, a
mother to watch the
childer(is a term vampires
use to describe their
Clan, Brood, or Fledglings)
Lucian had his queen and
she was a very beautiful
redhead known as Zillah
Le'Morte, but her beauty
was marred by the
ferocious temper she
was said to have. Some
say even the slightest
push against her resulted
in many mortal's deaths.

As history records
Lucian was very brutal
towards mortals himself
killing many for ceremony
or just pure pleasure, he
was known to be very
aristocratic, terribly rich,
and valued mortals only if
they had a seat of

power, or helped his
interests for the
betterment of his clan.
What we do know, and
what some have said, he
never was like that until
he came to Sosaria which
have many to believe that
there was an uprising and
his Order was massacred.
We will never know,
anyone who ever got
close to Lucian himself
and asked were never
heard from again.
Lucian's Order still is
active, thou they seem to
have quieted down and no
longer threaten mortals
as they once have. Some
say that the order
scared everyone away
from dealing with them.
Others say that Lucian
realized that his brutal
ways of handling mortals
was too strict, and made
his order disappear from
the everyday affairs of
society. Yet an even
another story says that
Lucian and Shai built a
gambling empire to be a
front for terrible scheme
to bring hosts of mortals
to strike it rich, in
order to bleed them dry
not of their gold, but
their blood.

Whatever is
true, only Lucian and his
terrible Prince know.
This is the account from
Lucian Le'Morte's journal
only recently found and
hidden for safe keeping,
it is said Lucian will pay
dearly to have it back,
but who ever owns it will
probably not come
forward due to Lucian
possibly killing them for
even owning his personal
log.
“Lucian sits at the
table in a trance
remembering;

“I see it. Can you see it Shai?” “I can see it my lord, but what is it, it looks so small?”

“Cove... Our new home, these Mortals will adhere to us I promise you that, it will not be like before.” Lucian’s eyes turned red as Shai

stared at him and replied,

“We shall never speak of it my lord, this time we shall treat them only as our way to survive these nights, and maybe we shall find means to strike fear in them so they never try to do what was done to us.”

Lucian looked towards Shai, “I will kill them all if they ever tried it again, this time they will be put in their place, and the guards will turn their eyes when we do it”.

I remember that night, so clearly the nights were so new to us, and our dark hopes were high. So much has been accomplished since then and so much was lost. We strived to make all Mortals fear us, made strong alliances with some of the Mortals we deemed important to us, such as Tazar of The Order of Drunken Elders, and a feriousous band of Mortal Fighters called the Empire. Nothing could take us on, at least not on the battlefield.